roare? not one now to mock your own grinning? quite chopfaln? Now get you to my Ladies table, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that. Prethee *Horatio* tell me one thing.

Hora. What's that my Lord?

Ha. Dost thou think *Alexander* lookt a this fashion i'th earth?

Hora. Een so.

Ham. And smelt so? pah.

Hora. Een so my Lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may returne *Horatio*! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of *Alexander* till a finde it stopping a bung-hole.

Hora. 'Twere to consider too curiously to consider so.

Ha. No faith not a jot, but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it. *Alexander* died, *Alexander* was buried, *Alexander* returneth to dust, the dust is earth, of earth we make lome, & why of that lome whereto he was converted might they not stop a Beere-barrell?

Imperious *Cæsar* dead and turn'd to clay
Might stop a hole to keepe the wind away.
O that that earth which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall t'expell the waters flaw!
But soft, but soft a while, here comes the King, *Enter King,*
The Queen, the Courtiers: who is this they follow, *Que. Laertes*
And with such maimed rites? this doth betoken, *and the corse.*
The coarse they follow did with desperate hand
Fordoe its owne life; 'twas of some estate:
Couch we a while and marke.

Laer. What Ceremony else?

Ham. That is *Laertes*, a very noble youth.

Laer. What Ceremony else?

Doct. Her obsequies have bin as far inlarg'd
As we have warranty; her death was doubtfull,
And but that great command ore-swayes the order,
She should in ground unsanctified bin lodg'd
Till the last trumpet: for charitable prayers,
Flints and pebbles should be throwne on her,
Yet here she is allow'd her virgin rites,

Her

Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and buriall.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

Doct. No more be done:
We should profane the service of the dead,
To sing a *Requiem* and such rest to her
As to peace-parted soules.

Laer. Lay her i'th earth,
And from her faire and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring: I tell thee churlish Priest
A ministring Angel shall my sister be
When thou lyest howling.

Ham. What? the faire *Ophelia*?

Quee. Sweets to the sweet, farewell,
I hop't thou should'st have bin my *Hamlets* wife,
I thought thy bride-bed to have deckt sweet maid,
And not have strew'd thy grave.

Laer. O treble woe!
Fall ten times double on that curs'ed head,
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenuous sense
Deprived thee of: hold off the earth a while,
Till I have caught her once more in mine armes.
Now pile your dust upon the quicke and dead,
Till of this flat a mountaine you have made
T'oretop old *Pelion*, or the skyish head
Of blew *Olympus*.

Ham. What is he whose griefe
Beares such an *emphasis*, whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wandring stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? 'tis I,
Hamlet the *Dane*.

Laer. The Divell take thy soule.

Ham. Thou pray'st not well; I prethee take thy fin
For though I am not spleenative and rash,
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisedome feare; hold off thy hand.

King. Plucke them asunder.

Quee. *Hamlet, Hamlet.*